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Sketches of Sandwich, New
Hampshire, past and present

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Wm F. Knight.

SKETCHES · OF
SANDWICH
NEW · HAMPSHIRE
PAST · AND · PRESENT



Character : Skill : Service

PUBLISHED BY
QUIMBY SCHOOL
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.. A Foreword ..

THIS PAMPHLET CONTAINS A
COLLECTION OF GRADUATION
ESSAYS OF STUDENTS OF
QUIMBY SCHOOL IN THE
CLASSES OF 1927 AND 1928.
IT IS ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS AND HAND
SKETCHES SECURED OR
DRAWN BY MEMBERS
OF QUIMBY SCHOOL



SANDWICH— *The Beautiful*



The Sandwich Range

THE ESSAYS CONTRIBUTING TO THIS
SECTION ARE THOSE OF THE
GRADUATES FROM QUIMBY
SCHOOL IN THE CLASS
OF 1927

Mountains Near and Dear to Sandwich People

FRANCES A. MARTIN, '27

ALTHOUGH there are a great many mountains in and about Sandwich, I am not going to tell you about all of the mountains in the Sandwich Range, but just the ones with which you people are most familiar and the ones that you love best.

Mt. Israel is the only mountain of the Sandwich range which is wholly in Sandwich.

Its name was derived from the name of an early settler, Israel Gilman, who lived on one of its slopes. The summit of this mountain is a highly inclined ledge.

Sandwich Notch is a pass which separates Mt. Israel from Dinsmore Point. There is a rugged road running thru it from Sandwich to the Mad River Valley, a distance of about ten miles.

Seventy-five years ago quite a few people made their homes on one of the slopes and established two school districts. Also a tavern, owned by a man named Durgin, was built at the height of the land there.

In the fall, it was a common sight to see forty teams coming from the Notch to Portland, for supplies, bringing with them whatever products the people might have to sell, and exchanging them for other goods. In the winter the teams went to Dover, across Lake Winnepesaukee.

Even tho a drive thru this notch may strike fear in ones' heart, he is well repaid for the trip, for there is a type of beauty here rarely seen.

The northern view from Mt. Israel is shut out by Sandwich Dome. Across the waters of Guinea pond, behind Mt. Israel, is a part of this mountain over which is the blanched crest of Sachem peak. The high plateau which forms the summit of Sandwich Dome is nearly north of Mt. Israel. It is known to most people as Black Mountain, but this name has been given to so many mountains in New Hampshire, that the name of Black Mountain was changed to Sandwich Dome, by the Appalachian Club.

From many of the towns it gives the appearance of a flattened Dome.

At the right of Mt. Israel are the comparatively low ridges of Flat Mountain, over which can be seen the three peaks of Tripyramid, marked by the great slide.

Whiteface is one of the chief summits of the Sandwich Range. Its name is derived from the color of the cliffs on the south side of the peak, especially in the winter, when the white ledges show much more brightly.

Its peculiar appearance was caused by a great landslide in the year 1820, which covered the whole of Whiteface Intervale. Huge boulders came crashing down from the mountain top, and a story is told that during this landslide water and sand came into the McCrillis barn in which there was a pig. The water kept rising until it had reached the scaffold, carrying with it the unfortunate creature. As the water reached its greatest height the pig reached safety on one of the scaffolds, and then the water began to go down slowly, leaving the pig high and dry upon his refuge.



Whiteface Mountain

This landslide covered the Intervale with three feet of sand and rocks, changing the course of the brook which was near Mr. Ambrose's home. This brook now flows beside the main highway.

A huge boulder came down behind the Ambrose house, which is the next rock in size in this locality to the Great Madison Boulder.

In the early days, two or three settlers made their homes on the east slope of White Face. Near these places, which are only cellar holes now, is a huge flat rock on which the farmers used to thresh their grain.

At the summit of this mountain is a vault about one foot square, drilled into the solid ledges, in which were placed the ashes of a prominent business man, Louis S. Tainter. He was very much interested in forestry and owned 40,000 acres of timber in this section. Whiteface seemed to be his favorite mountain, and his wish was that after his death his ashes be buried on Whiteface.

Brief services were held on the mountain peak and attended by a few friends of Mr. Tainter. This day happened to be very snowy and dreary. A moving picture was made of this small procession as it marched up to the top of the mountain. The vault is sealed with a bronze tablet, bearing the date September 19, 1920.

The ledge is a three sided affair, and before Mr. Tainter died, people built their camp fires here. This is no longer done, as Mr. Tainter's resting place is very near.

At the right of Whiteface is the massive dome of Mt. Passaconaway. It is named for a famous Indian Chief, and is the loftiest mountain of the Sandwich Range, exceeding both Whiteface and Chocorua in height.

During the time that Chief Passaconaway lived, the Pennacooks were the strongest and most highly developed of the New England Indians. This was because of their powerful leader, Passaconaway. To him all the tribes looked for leadership, for all the qualities of a leader of men were found in this great chief.

The reason why Passaconaway is not widely known among people today is because he was a friend of the white people and not a destroyer of them. Historians seem to write many books about the lives of some Chiefs who brought great disaster to the whites, but all seem to overlook the peaceful ones.

With the coming of the white men the Pennacooks' land was taken, piece by piece, by the English Government. With a great deal of his land already gone, Passaconaway began to see that soon he would not have enough left on which to stand. Heartbroken, the great chief met his fate, and the wealthiest chieftain in New England became a beggar and poverty stricken. Soon after this his son, Wonalancet, became the recognized chief.

At the age of 120 Passaconaway died, beloved by everyone. In order to show great respect for this man, the people prepared for the largest funeral service ever held among the Indians. Indians for many miles came to the mountain for the burial. An enormous amount of game and animals was brought by the Indians as a funeral offering. He was buried at the foot of this mountain in a rocky cave. On the door of his tomb the Indians rudely carved these words:

*"Present useful; absent wanted;
Lived desired; died lamented."*

Let us now think of a few of the things which preserve this Indian's memory and bear his name. In the Edson Cemetery in Lowell, Mass., there is a statue of the Great Chief. In Concord, N. H., there is a Passaconaway Club House. Also numerous other things have been named in his memory.

Just beyond Passaconaway lies the wild and formidable Paugus.

The south side appears to be a great jumble of rocks, trees and

ledges. There is one beautiful ledge in the center of the mountain. It is shaped like a kite, and apparently of white granite; it is the whitest ledge in the entire Sandwich Range.

The most picturesque physical feature of Paugus is the falls of a little brook which are found among the rocks on the southern slope. If the volume of this brook was increased twice its present size, it would probably be the most beautiful in New England.

Paugus derived its name from that of an Indian Chief, who quite unlike Passaconaway, was one of the wildest and worst fighters known in history. In the year 1725 a bounty of 100 pounds was offered by the English government for every enemy Indian scalp.

The people were delighted to receive such an enormous sum, and all went in search of Indians, especially "Paugus".

After a great battle, in which many men were killed on both sides, Paugus was wounded and soon died. This fight forever broke the power of the Indians in New Hampshire, and now the shattered remains of what was known as the Pequaket tribe that formerly lived in this section, is found in a little Indian village in Canada.

The next time that you look at the Sandwich Range may you think of the life that used to be in the Sandwich Notch; of the legends of Passaconaway and Paugus, and of the man whose ashes are resting in a vault on Whiteface Mountain.

Homes and How They Add to Sandwich

LENA THOMPSON, '27

The northern countryside of Sandwich was settled in the years between the close of the Revolution and the end of the eighteenth century by men and women who had experienced the long war with England. Soldiers were among the settlers, many of whom were from the southern part of New Hampshire.

All of them lumbered more or less, and most of them were builders of roads and walls. There have been notable weavers of linen, and makers of rugs among the women, and there are still a number of heirlooms to be found in the families today.

The homes in the northern section of Sandwich had many other things attempted in them also, such as work in leather and fur and dyeing and hooking rugs.

Guns stood always at hand in these homes, and game always had its place on the table.

The first homes were made out of logs, but they were often replaced within a few years, and almost all of them within a generation of their building; by the one story and a half house of clapboards, typical of New England.

Most of the furniture in these houses was made in the neighborhood, by a local chairmaker or by a travelling cabinet-maker.

There were certain pieces of mahogany, tables mostly, and a few oaken chairs, of the seventeenth century type, that had come with the Puritans from England.

The china of a hundred years ago in these homes was generally from England. The glass was apt to be American, a good deal of Sandwich glass coming from Massachusetts.

Many of the homes have been changed from the old-fashioned to the modern type. Instead of adding modern furniture to their homes, some of the people have kept to the old fashioned type of furnishings.



The Fireplace in Clifton Lunt's Home

We are glad to say that more are keeping their homes as they were in the olden days. Let us take a peek into some of the homes in Sandwich. First we will look into some of the homesteads in the North Sandwich district.

The Clifton Lunt place is a real old fashioned type, which is probably a little more than a hundred years old, and is now used as a summer home.

The interior of the house is graced by old-fashioned double fireplaces, and the living room is made spacious by a high open ceiling built of unfinished rafters.

An interesting feature of this house is the fact that the front faces Ossipee Mountain instead of the main highway.

On the small, level plateau that lies beyond the house, and stretches away toward the old barn and Ossipee Mts., beyond, are found small cedar trees set here and there, and many varieties of old fashioned flowers peeping up to greet you.

Homewood, another home in the North Sandwich district, as it stands today, is the work of two leading builders of Sandwich, Joseph Quimby and Larkin D. Weed. It was built just before the Civil War and remodelled by Mr. Weed for the present-day owner.

The outside of the home is much the same as it was originally except for the addition of a sun parlor to the left, and an open porch to the right, making the house both modern and Colonial in type.

The same kind of top curve is carried out in lattice work above the door, and in low, curved dormer windows built in the second story. The doors have brass knockers and old fashioned latches.

The grounds contribute a great deal toward making this home beautiful. Here are found wild flowers,—violets, Jacks in the pulpit,



The Old-Fashioned House of Professor Weygandt

and painted trilliums growing in the shade of huge, spreading maples.

Weygandt's, another Colonial type of home, is located near the residence called "Homewood." It has one of the finest views of mountain ranges in that section.

The outstanding feature of this house is the observation porch. The right wing of the house has been made into a very unusual type of sun porch that has open arches upon three sides, facing the Ossipee Range, Chocorua, and the rest of the Sandwich Range.

The Ambrose farm at Whiteface, which is over 120 years old, is owned and occupied by Langdon C. Ambrose and his son Jesse L. Ambrose.

Mr. Ambrose, Sr., moved into this place in 1868 and has lived here ever since. The farm is one of the best in Sandwich; it consists of one hundred and sixty acres and produces about sixty tons of hay and sixteen hundred pounds of sugar every year.

A more recent feature is market-gardening, and the Ambroses have a good market for their vegetables at Wonalancet. A large

electric-light plant furnishes light for some of the farm buildings nearby, as well as power for many of their own farm and household appliances.

Many of the rooms in this home are of the huge, high-posted type, and contain precious pieces of furniture over 75 to 125 years old. The summer kitchen has an old fashioned arched fireplace with a brick oven. At one time 30 to 40 boarders were accommodated at this residence.

Mrs. Ambrose has in her possession six homespun blankets which were made by hand on the place from local wool.

One sleeping room that is very interesting in this home is called the "round room." This room has only 3 sides, one of which is semi-circular. This peculiar side is formed by a round hall which circles about the house and comes back to the main staircase from where it starts.

An interesting feature in the living room is the old fashioned Franklin fireplace, which is over 90 years old. Several generations of the same family have been rocked in front of it.

Another old family relic is a desk more than 125 years old, which Mr. Ambrose's great grandfather used when he was Postmaster. It was bought at Center Sandwich second-hand, and has been in the family ever since. The family Bible always had a place in this beautiful old desk.

As an ideal modern farm, I have chosen the Hutchins' place in the Red Hill section.

The Hutchins' cattle barn, which can be seen here is, no doubt, the most modern and best equipped barn in the town of Sandwich.

The entire floor is of cement, while the walls and ceiling are pure white with gray trimmings.

The cattle in this wing are all registered shorthorns, and each animal is in a separate swinging stanchion, which gives full freedom of movement. Automatic drinking fountains are in front of each stanchion. The bowls are so designed and constructed that an even flow of fresh water enters when the nose piece is operated by the cow.

An automatic ventilation system is used throughout the entire cattle barn, also.

Near the barn stands the garage, which has one small apartment made of stone on each side of the automobile compartment. All the rooms in one unique apartment face the barn and the beauties of Red Hill, and the rooms in the other face Squam Lake and a part of the Sandwich Range.

One of the most interesting things on this large estate is the old barn which has been furnished and makes a very livable and roomy living room and dining room combined. The mows are left as they were, even to the old rafters which are overhead, and used as bal-

conies. Even the ox yokes and sap buckets are all in their usual place.

There are groups of four large windows on three sides of the room, and an old-fashioned tavern table is in front of the main windows. Many pieces of furniture came from abroad and are so unique that they add much beauty to the room.

An immense fireplace is at one end of the living room and extends to the roof.

A ship's wheel forms the base for a beautiful electric chandelier that is hung from the center rafter. Being made of oak, this blends very well with the other furnishings.

The sleeping rooms are found in the little old fashioned farm house, which is left practically the same as in former days.



Stone-House, the Home of the Late Prof. Archibald Coolidge

On the Coolidge estate, near the shores of Squam Lake, is "Stone House." This house is an English type of mansion, and is made of granite blocks. At one entrance is a covered portico with doors of heavy oak.

The interior of the manor is most beautiful, with high posted rooms, the walls and ceiling being of natural finished wood.

The lights conform to the same type as the house; overhead lights hang from the massive rafters and are inclosed in brass.

The main living room is very lofty, being of the same height as the house. Reading nooks that are surrounded by book shelves are on each side of the fireplace.

The bedrooms upstairs are built around a balcony which surrounds the main living room. The furniture is of heavy English type,—many of the chairs being high backed, elaborately carved settles.

The large enclosed sun porch at one side of the house faces the beauties of Squam Lake.

This building is, no doubt, the most costly and unusual in this town.

The Wentworth Homestead is a Colonial house which has been in the Wentworth family for over one hundred years. With its stately, pillared front, it lends a great deal of dignity to the hilltop, where it is located.

Here are found various kinds of gorgeously colored flowers, for the Wentworth gladiolas are far famed.

It has one of the finest views of the mountain ranges in the state of New Hampshire, offering a panorama of the entire Sandwich and Ossipee Ranges.

Many summer residents always plan to visit Wentworth Hill before leaving Sandwich.

In describing the different homes here in Sandwich, I have tried to bring out the modern, Colonial, old fashioned, English and New England farm types. I have by no means mentioned all the types, nor covered all the fine homes that are in Sandwich.

All of these homesteads add as much in their way to the beauty of Sandwich as the natural scenery already here before the works of man.

Sandwich, The Beautiful

FLORA E. MUDGETT, '27

*In the state of old New Hampshire,
Up among the sentinel hills
Lies the tiny town of Sandwich
So silent, hushed and still.*

*All about her, and around her,
Are the mountains, calm, serene,
All so silent, yet so watchful;
Solemn, guarded, in their mien.*

*Sunsets, many lakes have gilded
With their wondrous golden shades;
But to us Old Squam is fairest
With a beauty that ne'er fades.*

*Bear Camp River lends its glamour
To each glen and niche and dell,
Sings a song in its quick passing,
With its music weaves a spell.*

*Winding woodpaths call and beckon
Lead you on to splendors new.
Lofty hilltops wave you greeting,
Bid you come and see the view.*

*Sandwich for its beauty's noted,
Far and near thru town and hedge.
Tourists rave about Mt. Israel
And the scene from Diamond Ledge.*

*Mother Nature has most freely
Strewn her gifts upon this town;
In return let's pause and thank Her
As we claim them for our own.*

Chocorua, The Sentinel

FRANCES E. PIERCE, '27

There are many of nature's wonders within my home town and state that are dear to me. The flowers, birds, the deep woodlands, the wonderful scenery, the rushing rivers and brooks, the clear lakes and rugged mountains are all fine, but most endearing to human hearts are the inspiring and noble hills.

Mount Chocorua is probably the most picturesque and beautiful of the mountains in New England.

Starr King says, "How rich and sonorous that word Chocorua is! Does not its rhyme suggest the wildness and loneliness of the great hills? To our ears it always brings with it the sigh of winds throughout the mountain pines. No mountain of New Hampshire has interested our best poets more. It is everything that a New Hampshire mountain should be. It bears the name of an Indian chief. It is invested with traditional and poetic interest. The forests of its lower slopes are crowned with rock that is sculptured into a peak, in whose gorges huge shadows are entrapped, and whose cliffs blaze with morning gold."

The most popular trail up this mountain is the Hammond Path, which starts about two miles beyond Chocorua Hotel. The most familiar trail to me is the Liberty Trail. When planning to climb Chocorua I like to start out early in the morning, when the air is crisp, the sun is shining brightly, and the dew is sparkling on the grass. So we will begin our ascent up Mount Chocorua, fanned by the cool morning breeze, up the Liberty Trail. You will probably get a little damp going through the tall grass which surrounds the Half-way House.



Chocorua, The Sentinel

The Half-Way House still looks quite respectable on the outside, but on the inside it is rapidly decaying. Until within a few years, this house has been occupied by people who took an interest in selling refreshing home-made root beer and other tonics to the climbers. At one time there was a road here which was passable for automobiles and teams, but now it has been washed by rains and overgrown by bushes.

After leaving the Half-Way House you enter a thicket and immediately cross a bubbling brook. A little farther on you pass a clear, cool spring which has ready, for the tired travelers coming down the mountain, a very refreshing drink. I know every time I have come down the trail to the spring it seems as though I could never drink enough of its water.

Our path goes through several pretty pine groves which scent the morning air, and to me there is nothing sweeter than the scent of the pines. The path for a short way leads us along beside a brook, which has several pretty pools and one waterfall, dropping about twenty-five feet.

After hard toil the open ledges are reached and the summit appears before us. The first open ledge of importance is a huge, flat rock. A very good view of the lake at the base of the mountain and

the surroundings may be seen from the ledge. In a very short time we come to a camp which now stands where Mr. Knowles' Peak House was built. This substantial house was not located at the summit, but at the base of the cone. This building, though strongly cabled, was blown down on Sept. 26, 1925. The boards and beams were torn down, one from another, and wafted out like straws over the valley. Today there is a well equipped cabin here which serves as a shelter for those who wish to camp or stay overnight on the mountain. The summit is not far away and there is a short flight of stairs with an occasional railing leading to it. At last the summit is reached and what a wonderful view one gets of the ledges on Mount Paugus, the top of which is nearly level, with no peaks to break it up. Beyond its right side is the dark, prominent Passaconaway, with Whiteface nearly west and adjoining it, and beyond its south flank across the upper clearings of Sandwich is Mt. Israel, rising behind the low cone of Young Mountain and Mt. Wonalancet. On the right of Israel and much higher is the dark mass of Sandwich Dome.

Turning to the north one can look over Swift River Valley, which is very pretty with the sandy colored river lazily flowing through it. To the northwest, as if upheaved by a mighty athlete, lie the mountains of the Presidential Range, which gradually slope down to plains dotted with villages and ponds, diversified here and there by low ridges. The white Conway road leads north along the base of the mountains, dotted with farm houses. The villages of Conway, Fryeburg and Madison can be pointed out, also the broad oval of Silver Lake, and beyond this lake the blue sheet of Ossipee Lake.

In the plain beyond Chocorua Lake are the hamlet of Tamworth and the West Ossipee Range, filling the horizon from south to southwest. On the right of the Range is Lake Winnepesaukee. Beyond the white village of Center Sandwich is the exquisite beauty of Squam Lake, its blue bosom dotted with wooded islands.

On the verge of the eastern slope of Chocorua is a cubical shaped rock, which is called the "Cow." I don't think this rock has any resemblance to a cow. Many people think it should be called "Liberty Cap." Such a name would commemorate the one who made a trail up here, and who first tried the experiment of carrying on a peak house.

After drinking in the wonderful view, let us eat our dinner in the shelter of the "Cow," where we are protected from the cold winds on the summit. Here amid the sunshine we may turn our attention to an entirely different feature of the mountains, without which no mountain is really complete, its history or its thrilling legends.

Chocorua was a real Indian. An old settler of Tamworth, Jo-

seph Gilman, who lived some seventy years ago or more, used to converse with an older pioneer who had been on intimate terms with the Indian. There are several different versions of the Chocorua legend, all agreeing, however, on the chieftain's death here. The commonest one and the one written down by this old settler in Tamworth is probably the truest one. At a late period in the history of the Indians around Conway and Albany, Chocorua was among the few remaining Red Men. He was friendly to the incoming white people, and especially one named Campbell, who lived near what is now Tamworth. He had a son in whom all his hopes and love were centered. On one occasion he was obliged to consult with some of his people at St. Francis, Canada. His son was left in the care of Campbell, and was tenderly welcomed at the pioneer's camp. One day, however, he found a bottle of poison which had been prepared for a mischievous fox, and with the unsuspecting curiosity of the Indians, he drank a portion of it. Chocorua returned only to find his beloved son dead and buried. The improbable story of his fatality failed to satisfy the heart-broken chief, and his spirit demanded vengeance.

Campbell went home from the fields one day and found the dead and mangled bodies of his wife and children on the floor of his hut. He tracked Chocorua, found him on the crest of the mountain and shot him.

While dying, Chocorua cried out, "A curse upon ye, white men! May the great spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds and his words are: 'Chocorua had a son and ye killed him while the sky looked bright.' Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The evil spirit breathe upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the warpath of the Indian. Panthers howl and wolves fatten upon your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit, but his curse stays with the white man!"

Not only has this mountain been crowned with a legend, but pictures have been painted of it and poems written about it. Mr. Thomas Cole produced two very spirited pictures of Chocorua. His autumn scene, Coraway peak, which now hangs in the gallery of the New York Historical Society, and his other picture, The Death of Chocorua, have become widely known.

During Whittier's last days in New Hampshire, he was unable to climb mountains with his friends. He enjoyed being quiet and alone. One day a party of seven of Whittier's friends climbed Chocorua under the guidance of the Knox brothers, two young farmers and bear hunters of West Ossipee, camping for the night. The young ladies reported to the poet how they had heard the growling of bears and other blood curdling incidents. Shortly afterward the Knox brothers gave a husking bee to which Mr. Whittier was invited.

Whittier wrote a poem entitled, "How They Climbed Chocorua," and induced Lucy Larcom to read it as the production of an unknown author. These humorous stanzas, with their references to incidents of the excursion, and their personal mentions of the climbers, were received with great delight.

David H. Hill has written a poem of Chocorua, which to me has the spirit of one who really loves the granite hills. He expresses his thoughts for them in these words:

*Sing me a song, a pleasing song,
Of the wild granite hills;
Some weird old legends of the north,
Whose mystic romance thrills
Both heart and brain at thought of deeds
That long ago had birth
Among these ancient hills that stand
Like giant kings of earth.*

*Where'er the dews of genius fall,
Go to that pleasant clime,
And mark the footprints—
List to the voices of old time,
And sing of the imperial hills,
Thy romance summon forth,
And sing some mystic song of old,
Some legend of the North.*

Wonalancet, The Unusual

ELLIOTT GORDON, '27

Long before the white men came to this country the Indians lived here in solemn peace, hunting, fishing and tramping over the hills.

A few years before the Pilgrims landed, the Mohawks of the Catskills in New York, entered into a dispute with the small tribes of Vermont over the fish in Lake Champlain. These small tribes of Vermont greatly feared the mighty Mohawks. Chief Papesseconewa of the Pennacooks united with the tribes of New Hampshire, eastern Maine, Vermont, and northern Massachusetts for protection against the hated Mohawks.

After sorely beating back the enemy, Papesseconewa returned to his home, the greatest Sachem east of the Alleghany Mountains.

This great chief sent his three sons out to the North, South and East, to rule the far-away tribes in his confederation.—To the North he sent Wonne Nangshonat. This is the son in whom we are most

interested, for it is from this jumble of letters that we derive Wonalancet. This young chief set up his hut at the head of the Saco. Here he fished, hunted and roamed the mountains of the Sandwich range.

Boutor says, "He was wronged by the whites, disturbed by the Indians, a wanderer in the wilderness, at one time a prisoner at Dover and at last, like his noble father, he died in poverty." The name of this noble Red-Man has been attached to many places and things, but the one which is dearest to my heart, is the little peak of the Sandwich Range called Wonalancet. This mountain is not large, but from the summit one can view an intervale rich in scenic splendor.

This intervale was first settled about the time of the Revolutionary war by Mark Jewel, whose father lived in Sandwich. In times past it has had a more extensive population than it now supports. The forests of the low hills tempted the lumbermen, and their mills brought many families here. When the mills were at their height, it was deemed very necessary to have a community church. The lumbermen went out into the woods and cut and sawed the lumber, while the farmers built the first church. Today the church may still be seen, but a tower and bell have been added.

With the passing of the mills, and the failure of the uplands to yield a suitable return for labor, the population died out until at last only a dozen farmers were left. Since then the valley has turned from a thriving mill center to a beautiful summer residence section, supported by the several clubs of the district.

Some of the clubs are the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Wonalancet Out Door Club and the Chocorua Mountain Club; of the three we are most interested in the Wonalancet Out Door Club, because it was founded in Wonalancet.

This club was established in 1893. In the early nineties, Mrs. Walden, returning from a trip to the city, entered into a conversation with Dr. Fay, who remarked that it was a shame that the beautiful little intervale of Wonalancet should be sealed up like a book from the outside world. Mrs. Walden invited Dr. Fay and Mr. Ladd, then Principal of Chelsea High School, to meet with the townspeople and impress upon them the importance of opening up the mountains around Wonalancet to pleasure-seekers.

That night a heavy thunderstorm prevented many from getting there, but those who did go were so impressed that they started the next day to open a trail to the top of Passaconaway, clearing out an old logging road up the ridge or steep part, and continuing by cutting a narrow path the rest of the way.

In those days a good man earned \$1.25 if he brought his dinner pail, and most of the men who did not take part in the work paid that price toward expenses.

The next year the men gave work on the highway and improved

it very much. From then on each year they gave labor to improve the mountains and roads.

After some time the summer residents began to realize the value of this work, and decided to give annual dues to be used in paying the men for their labor. Thus was the starting of the Wonalancet Outdoor Club. Ever since then the summer people have supported the club, carried on by the people of Wonalancet.

At present the Wonalancet Out Door Club can boast of a Fire Department and are responsible for Tamworth Precinct. They also have an electric light plant which supplies the settlement with lights summer and winter.



Chinook, Leading Arthur T. Walden's Dog Team at Wonalancet

There are many interesting features in a visit to Wonalancet, but the one I consider most interesting is the Chinook Kennels, established by Arthur T. Walden.

Walden began his career with dogs in Alaska. There, he drove for a living, carrying supplies to the mines along the Klondike River.

When Walden returned to this country he did not rest until he bought a team of four dogs, which were mongrels. Their names were Rud, Yard, Kip and Lin, which, if pronounced quickly is Rudyard Kipling. The next year he bought a leader and named him "Kim," after the book by Kipling. Thus was formed the first dog team in this country.

Later, having a friend who knew Peary, he purchased Ningo, leader of the team that successfully carried that heroic man over the frozen expanse of the Northland.

Walden set about to raise a new type of dog. Kim and Ningo were the parents of Chinook, renowned in dogdom, of which we have heard so much. The descendants of these two dogs make the team which has won many trophies, one at Poland Springs in 1926 and another at the first Eastern International Race at Berlin. They also accomplished a feat of which no other team can boast, namely, reaching the top of Mt. Washington in the dead of winter.

The race at Berlin was a thing never to be forgotten by the veteran driver, Walden. He drove entirely without a whip, which requires a great deal of skill.

While on the road he was met by a horse and sleigh. The driver was so interested that he forgot to drive. His horse reared at the dogs. When they were partly past, Mr. Walden gave one yell of "Gee." Chinook wheeled into the snow and over a bank. By quick obedience on the part of Chinook, a team of huskies were saved, and possibly this breed of dogs.

But to return to Wonalancet. Its soil is very rich. This can easily be seen by the abundance of crops of corn and hay which are grown on this fertile flat.

Today as one enters the valley, the first thing that attracts the eye is the location.

Many summer residences may be seen snuggled back among a grove of trees or beside some cliff, set at the foot of the mountains as if the hills were protecting it, as hens cover their chickens with their wings. The appearance of Wonalancet on the whole is most unusual.

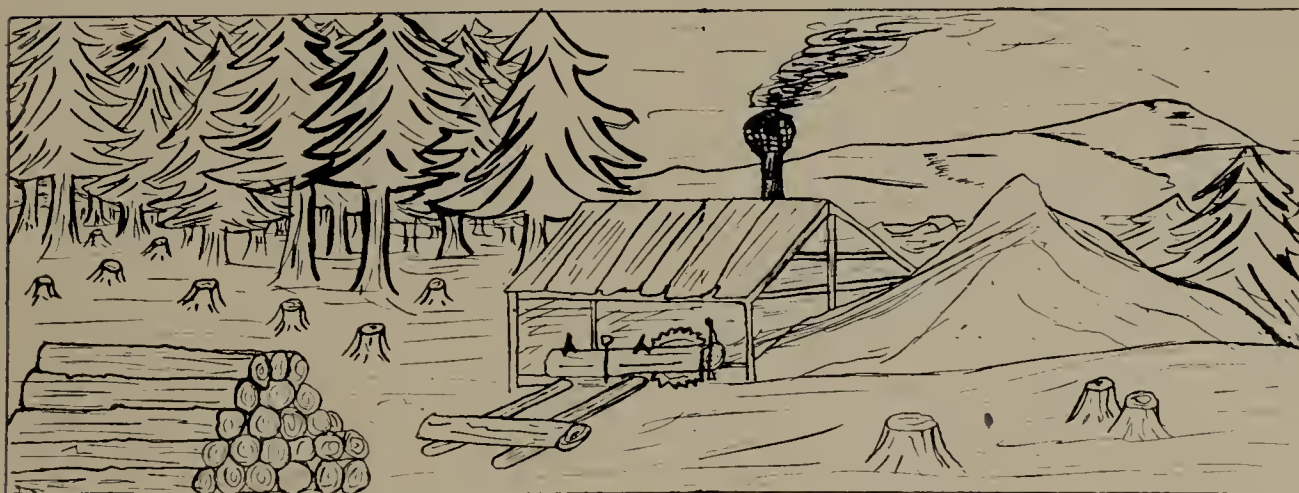
Not many realize that all Indian names have some special meaning behind them, whether it is Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Winnepesaukee, the Smile of the Great Spirit or Wonalancet, which literally interpreted means Pleasant Breathing.

Wonalancet received this name in his early manhood, because of his gentle spirit, goodness and pleasantness toward all, whether red or white.

No better title could be given this unusual little hamlet that breathes forth peace and beauty than Wonalancet,—Wonalancet the Pleasant Breathing. -



Sandwich, The Productive



Sandwich, the Productive, is the theme around which the Class of 1928 centered their graduation essays.

During the years of its existence many industries have flourished in this community, and many great men have gone into the world to follow different professions, or have stayed at home here and given their services to Sandwich.

"Industries of Yesterday" briefly outlines the chief industries and occupations of the various sections of Sandwich in the past. "Bookshelves of Sandwich" not only deals with the value of the gift of the Samuel H. Wentworth Library, but also pays tribute to the spirit of sacrifice behind it. The topic of higher education and its sponsors is covered by "The Higher Step." This shows the advances made in higher education, and at the same time makes clear the generous spirit of the men that have given their services in order that the various systems of higher learning might exist. "Memoirs" briefly reviews the activities of Sandwich in the past, and is a challenge to the citizens of today.

Industries of Yesterday

ARTHUR J. WATSON, '28

The people who first settled Sandwich were of a very industrious and ambitious nature. When the early settlers came here about 1778 and scattered from place to place, a few of them went at once to Sandwich Notch to live, and this was one of the first sections of the town where industries developed to any extent.

There was quite an extent of smooth, cleared land near the heart of the Notch, upon which were grown many agricultural crops such as rye, wheat, barley, flax, potatoes and other products, needed by the families that lived there.

There were many sheep raised in the Notch at this period. The number of families increased until there were thirty-two in all. A school was established in this district, in which Mrs. Emma Gilman taught at one time. The only pupil now living who ever attended this school is Moses Hall.

The first settlers went to the notch by trails; then they made paths; later ox teams and carriages came into use; now automobiles go over the road. Road building was agitated at town meetings about 1828, and it was voted to build a "tote" road for horseback riding. This first road was laid out from Guinea Hill to the pond, thence by the old mill site, then on to Campton. This main "tote" road extended from eastern Vermont and western New Hampshire on to Portland. The state of New Hampshire as well as Vermont, contributed several pounds toward its construction. This road is still state-maintained. New Hampshire contributes two-thirds of the money.

The early settlers built two sawmills in the Notch, one on the Carter River, and another near Munsey Hill on a branch of the Beebe River. About the time of the early sawmills, an individual bought up a large tract of land suitable for agriculture, and induced people to raise potatoes there for whiskey. The distilling was carried on in what is now known as the Arthur Avery place.

Later, in 1850, or about seventy-five years ago, a large mill containing a board saw, shingling and lathe machine, was built by Jonathan Gilman and his son Elijah. One of the first circular saws in town was used there. This mill was operated by John Hart, Sylvester Carter and Hoyt & Gilman, each in turn for a period of five to ten years. This old mill, which stood for about 75 years, was burned in 1913. The fire was probably due to hunters or campers.

About 1828, during the height of operations, trips were made to Portland and Portsmouth to secure supplies such as tobacco, molasses and rum.

Large lumber wagons, much like prairie schooners, drawn by horses and oxen were used to make the journey, the wagons going in

groups for protection. The distance was covered twice a year, and during the winter the trip was made across Lake Winnepesaukee on the ice.

Around 1870 the timber became of little value in the notch, selling as low as \$10 per thousand feet delivered at the village. So little interest was shown that the town received very small taxes from the Notch section, and the people forgot the limits of their lots. The land lay idle until the latter part of the last century, or about 1898.

During this period there was some activity by a man named White, who bought up a spruce tract some forty years ago. He floated the logs down the Carter River to the Avery place in Sandwich, where a mill called the Josselyn Mill was located.

George James, a representative of the Publisher's Paper Company, began to buy up lots of the town for taxes about 1898, paying as low as \$10 per lot. Very soon James sold this stand to the Parker & Young Co. Immediately the land began to rise in value, and before Parker & Young had made all the purchases, they paid as high as \$10,000 per lot. This company built a logging railroad, nine miles of which runs across Sandwich. They began operations about fifteen years ago, removing all the spruce and soft wood. Some of this soft wood was used for aeroplane building material. It has been estimated that as much aeroplane material came out of Sandwich Notch for use during the World War as from any other area of similar size in the east. Some of the lumber was sent to Vermont for pianos, and some to Lincoln for woodpulp. Most of it was sawed at Campton, where the main mill was located. After Parker & Young Company completed operations there, they sold the tract to Draper and Company of Hopedale, Mass., who now owns 14,221 acres. This company intends to operate permanently, using the hard woods which they will cut for shoe lasts.

Today, as formerly, there is a great deal of hunting and fishing carried on in the Notch. Guinea Pond, the three Hall ponds, Kiah Pond, Atwood Pond and Blackmountain Pond, together with numerous streams, furnish excellent trout fishing. Here, too, is the source of Bearcamp River which runs into Bearcamp Pond in East Sandwich.

For the lovers of rugged scenery there is Cow Cave, Beede's Falls and many wild hills. In former years deer, bear and other wild animals lurked in the forests. There are quite a number taken out of this section today.

Among the outstanding industries in the Notch Section at one time was the potash industry carried on by John Fellows and Peter Gilman. Green wood was used because it makes more ashes. They also bought ashes of the people of the district for fifty cents a bushel. A mash was made from these ashes and boiled down, then stirred to a powder and baked in brick ovens. This was done twice a year.

every spring and fall. The potash was barreled up, shipped to Dover and sold to the glass works. When a load of potash was carried away, a load of provisions was brought back.

Basket-bottom chair making was another important industry of the time. As early as 1836 Daniel Tappan made chairs at his home at the head of Bennet Street, where the chair industry flourished for fifty-one years. Brown ash was used for the bottoms of the chairs, while the rounds and posts were made of maple, which was turned out by foot power lathes. These chairs are sold for a very good price in the antique market today.



Page's Mill, where Lumber was Sawed, Meal Ground and Wool Carded, in North Sandwich, About 50-60 Years Ago

The first sawmill near the settlement, known today as Weed's Mills, was built by Leroid and Magoon, on the Chase River. Here they made excelsior. This excelsior mill was moved to Weed's Mill and sold to Henry Weed about 80 years ago, or around 1842. Mr. Weed converted it into a general mill where lumber was sawed, corn and wheat ground and wool carded. Wooden cogs were used in this mill for gearing, and all the framing timber was hewn out by hand.

Later it was bought by the Page family, who ran it until it was washed away by a freshet or rotted down.

A mill where lumber was sawed and spool stock and dowels made, was built near this same location in 1894 by Walter S. Tappan, who ran it for twenty-eight years.

Similar industries were carried on at Durgin's Mills, where a man named Howe made dowels, spool stock, sawed lumber and made white birch pegs. It was sold to James Durgin, who converted it into a grain threshing mill, and was later taken over by his son, Bartlett Durgin, who made excelsior.

Sleighs were made at Weed's Mill as early as 1828. Cabinet

work such as making bureaus, bedsteads, and coffins was carried on by a man named Fowler. There were two blacksmith shops and a fulling mill there also.

At about this same time there was a man on the edge of Tamworth who made coffins that sold as high as \$4.50, and this was the town talk of extravagance.

Practically every farmer made his own ox bows, goads and axe handles. The only person on record as making ox bows on a commercial scale was Charles Bennett, who sold them at town meeting in North Sandwich. This was at the time when the Town Hall was located where John Weed's house is today. There was a peg mill located east of Ansel Lee's store at North Sandwich, where ribbon pegs were made about the middle of the nineteenth century. This mill was run by a man named Sturtevant.

In almost every home there was shoe making. The families used to have the leather tanned at the tannery in Chocorua and at Center Sandwich. The greatest amount of commercial shoe making was done by Jacob Moulton, who made cowhide boots.

Basket making was a universal industry in quite a number of homes during the period of 1840-1860. Every Fogg, Bent and Bachelder made baskets. They used to load the baskets into hayracks and go from place to place peddling them out to the surrounding towns about sixty-five years ago. Some of these baskets were taken to Portland to be sold.

There were quite a number of brick yards in town in 1860, one being located near the Chase bridge, seventy-five to eighty years ago, two kilns being found on the Frank Atwood place, besides at least ten other places in the north district where bricks were made. The blue clay for the industry located on the Chase road, was obtained from banks nearby.

In and around the village there were quite a number of industries carried on. Near the Adams bridge, there was a tannery which made use of the bark from the various mills around the town. Farther down the road, by the canal, there was a grist mill, a saw mill, and a fulling mill, run by Augustus Blanchard. Woolen cloth was also made there. The grist mill, which ground the grain as fine as the modern mills today, was a very good type.

Woolen cloth which was made at home was taken to the fulling mill to have the porous places filled in. Here the cloth was put on rollers and a series of wire brushes applied to bring out the nap. This process was called fulling.

Before the Civil War, a mill where buckets and butter tubs were made was located near the sawmill. This industry was also carried on near Red Hill River at Squam Lake, by Samuel Dorr.

Cooper shops also existed at Goss' mills, where the power came

from Squam Lake and Barvel Pond. The wood was secured from what is the Coolidge Estate today. A shook mill where barrel staves were made was located above the town-pound. The oak which was used to make the staves was secured from Israel Mountain with ox teams, twelve to fifteen teams making the trip twice a day. The product was sold as far away as Cuba, where the staves were made into molasses barrels. Another cooper shop, where hogsheads were made, was located near the gravel pit just this side of the brook below Elmer Hart's. This shop was owned by Riddlin and Stacy. A



Leslie Magoon and Daniel Weeks Working in Their Prosperous Maple Sugar Orchard in 1885

co-operative creamery, where cheese and butter were made, was located on this same brook.

About fifty to sixty years ago Sandwich was an extensive sheep and cattle center. There were about four hundred oxen in the entire community at that time, while last year there were only forty-four, and none at all in West Sandwich. At about this same period Daniel Hoyt kept as many as two hundred sheep; this was considered a very large flock, for the average at that time was about fifty to seventy-five. The sheep and cattle were turned out on Israel Mountain, where very fine and extensive pastures were found. Many people from a radius of twenty-five miles around made use of the pastures for their cattle. A man from Rhode Island used to bring as many

as three hundred head of cattle here to be fattened and then taken on to Brighton, Mass., where they were sold. The natives often sheared their own sheep, carded their own wool or raised their own flax, and thus provided clothes for themselves. Daniel Weeks, a Sandwich school teacher, sheared sheep for other people on a commercial scale for a period of thirty to forty years.

Shoe making and harness making were first carried on by Ezra Gould, in what is now the historical building. Another shop of this kind run by Robert Russell was located on this slope near the Russell home in the village. Later, about twenty years ago, the tools were



Daniel Weeks, a Sandwich School Teacher Who Sheared Sheep for Over Forty Years, at Work in 1885 or 1886

moved to quarters above the postoffice, where the industry was continued for a while. Frank Burleigh bound shoes and finished pants and clothes in 1883 in the second story of the building where Dearborn's store is located now. His wife, together with other women, finished stockings in the winter.

Isaac Adams contributed greatly to the well-being of Lower Corner, for he spent \$500,000 during his lifetime employing worthy and needy men upon his walls and buildings. There were approximately two miles of this famous wall construction, ten feet wide and seven to eight feet deep, reaching nearly as far underground as above ground. At one time, sixty to a hundred men were working on this alone, and he kept thirteen yoke of oxen at work the year round.

This was about fifty years ago, around 1875, at the time when

Lower Corner was the busiest part of the town, with two blacksmith shops, a wheelwright's, steam mill, and a general store run by Arven Blanchard, which employed three clerks. This steam mill which turned out shovel and fork handles made of ash was located where Herbert Weed's garage stands today. Later this mill was burned and rebuilt, being changed into a saw mill where lumber and lathes were sawed.

In 1883 the Sandwich Reporter was started at Lower Corner by Charles E. Blanchard, in a house opposite J. A. Sullivan's house. This paper was printed there for fifteen to twenty years, then moved to North Conway, where it is located at the present day.

One of the earliest mills in West Sandwich was owned by Dr. White and located on Red Hill River; this was a grist and saw mill. Another mill used for the same purpose, run by Levi Smith, was located in this part of the town, on the brook running from Dinsmore pond. A third mill of this sort was located near the outlet of Guinea Pond. This was the first steam mill in Sandwich. At Cowen's mill on the outlet of Bearcamp Pond, products such as lumber and shingles was turned out.

In 1808 Jacob Webster owned a mill on Bear Camp River, where grain was ground, lumber sawed and there was also an iron foundry here. Later, Frank Plummer bought the mill. Today Clarence Plummer owns the mill, and occasionally lumber is sawed here.

About the middle of the last century Sandwich ranked first in the state in the production of maple sugar, and second in hay production. Forty-five tons of maple sugar and syrup were produced in one year. The dried apple industry is one which should not be overlooked. There were many tons of dried apples made each year and sold to storekeepers and to people out of town.

This only shows a bird's eye view of some of the industries of yesterday, but it is easy to see that Sandwich was busy and thriving within the memory of some residents still alive.





Book Shelves of Sandwich

MAURICE A. PIERCE, '28

Among the many bequests to Sandwich, the Samuel H. Wentworth Library is one of the most important. In considering this library we naturally would like to hear about its donor first of all.

Samuel Hidden Wentworth, the youngest of twelve children, was born in Sandwich in 1834, in a house located west of the present Wentworth home. He was named for a preacher in Tamworth in whom his father and mother were very much interested at the time of his birth. This is the same Samuel Hidden who was ordained on the famous Ordination Rock, which is a well-known land mark in Tamworth.

Samuel Wentworth remained in Sandwich until the age of twelve and then went to New Ipswich Academy. From here he continued his studies at Harvard College.

Mr. Wentworth was a great lover of music. While at Harvard he played the chapel organ, and several years later became the musical and dramatic critic for a Boston daily newspaper. A seraphin, a small musical instrument similar to a small piano, was given to him by his mother when he entered Harvard. This is on exhibition at Wentworth Library to-day. He kept it with him practically all his life and played it frequently.

After he graduated from Harvard College, he began the study of law, making Boston his permanent home. His first office and only one was located in what was known as the old Rogers Building, in which he worked for fifty-three years. Most of his time was on probate work dealing with deeds and wills. He was especially well-fitted for this, for he was very painstaking and exact.

He was sent to the Massachusetts Legislature for a term of one year, from 1877-1878.

In Mr. Wentworth's will he left \$17,000 for the purchasing of land in Sandwich and the erection of a library upon it. The only conditions stated in his will were that it should be built of brick or stone and as nearly fireproof as possible, that it should be at least fifteen feet from all other buildings, and that it should be used for a library and no other purpose.

His forethought is clearly shown by the definite provisions that he made for payments on the construction of the library. The first payment should not be made until the land had been selected and the town was ready to build, the second when the underpinning was done, and the other payments when the executors thought best. The last payment of \$1,000 should not be made until the library and grounds about the building were in perfect order. He also left to the town \$1,000 to be spent on books of religion, science, and history. If Sandwich had not accepted the gift it would have gone to Harvard and Dartmouth Colleges, as a scholarship fund.



The Samuel H. Wentworth Library

In connection with the construction work itself, Mr. Larkin D. Weed was the contractor, while J. Randolph Coolidge gave his services as architect.

Since Mr. Wentworth lived in Sandwich for only twelve years, it seems peculiar that he should give nearly all of his entire fortune to the welfare of Sandwich. In fact, he had no idea of giving a fund for establishing a library until the latter part of his life, and even when he made his first will in 1900 he gave nothing to Sandwich. The idea came to his mind after he reached the age of sixty-five.

About this time he came up to Sandwich, and visited many of his old-time friends. When he returned to Boston he talked a great deal about the town and its needs. Two years before his death there was talk in town about a library building. On Old Home Day this matter was brought up and pledges were started. Mr. Wentworth questioned his nephew, Joseph Wentworth, about the library, but gave no hint of his plans in connection with it at this time. However, he sent for Mr. Charles Hoyt and laid the plans of his last will before him.

Mr. Wentworth was very thrifty and never spent more than was necessary. From the year 1885 until his death he received \$500 annually from his brother, John, who at one time was mayor of Chicago. He saved this money as it came in, and from this the library fund probably materialized.

Even at that, his gift meant a real sacrifice to him. The last months of his life he was taken ill and needed a nurse. When questioned by members of his family as to why he did not secure one, he said that if he had a nurse he would not be able to do what he wished. Only two weeks before his death he said he hoped his end would come soon, for if it did not his main wish would not be carried out.

It is easy to understand the real value of this gift when we consider the early library organizations that existed in Sandwich and compare them with our library to-day.

In 1882 a meeting was held at David Hill's house, now occupied by Moses Brown. At this time the first library association was formed, and the building used for this purpose was located between Frank Hanson's Hotel and Emma Gilman's.

In 1896 the library organization passed from an association to a town organization known as the Sandwich Free Library, the headquarters being the lower part of the Masonic Hall. The bookshelves remained here until the erection of the Wentworth Library in 1914. At this time the library had something like four hundred books.

The spirit behind the gift made by Samuel Hidden Wentworth is well interpreted in the speech made by Paul Wentworth, the nephew of the donor and the father of Joseph, the present owner of the Wentworth estate, in August, 1915, at the time that the Wentworth Library was dedicated and the keys presented to the town.

"In boyhood days, walking frequently with others past this little eminence, on our way to and from Daniel G. Beede's School, I did not suspect that I would ever see a structure of this kind built upon it. Around its base were houses and in front a main highway, but its top was barren of any building. It belonged then to an individual and its destiny was unknown, but it is now clear—it is owned by no single inhabitant but by all Sandwich, and on its top there stands this library, to be dedicated to the dissemination of the seeds of instruction, pleasure and knowledge in conjunction and hand in hand with the churches and the schools.

"Particularly do I hope we may be able from time to time to get books that will attract the attention and perusal of our young people between the ages of twelve and eighteen, for outside of its temporary usefulness the habit of reading in early life is in itself and of itself of immense value.

"Whether this library is looked upon merely as a piece of art or studied as a gift of love, it belongs to the town of Sandwich and is equally for the use of all.

“While we cannot thank in person to-day the donor—who had this library so near his heart and sacrificed so much to be able to give it to his native town—we can thank him though absent in body as yet present in soul; and when we are gone and our children and grandchildren come here and read these books, they, too, will thank him.

“The church, the school, and the library are all co-workers and friends and are at the foundation of all that tends to make real American citizens, and where they are lacking the citizenship is bound to be deficient.”

We, the people of Sandwich, cannot appreciate this gift too much nor the sacrifice that Mr. Wentworth made in his later days to establish an institution that has become so useful in our everyday life.

The Higher Step

ROSEALIE E. QUIMBY, '28

Probably the factor which plays as big a part as any in the progress of a town is its system of education. Although Sandwich has been without a secondary school during some periods, it has, in the greater part of its history, had some system of higher education.

It is interesting to note the comparatively short time which elapsed between the chartering of the town of Sandwich in 1763 and the beginning of the first secondary school,—the Sandwich Academy in the year 1824. This academy was located on the estate which is now known as Chestnut Manor, belonging to Mrs. Alfred H. Moorhouse. The exact site of the building was the area around the spot where the statue now stands, southeast of the house.

The first session of the Sandwich Academy was held in the autumn of 1837, with Charles Cochrane as principal. The school was very progressive; its enrollment included students from practically every state in the union at that time. During the last term, which was in 1849, Aaron B. Hoyt was principal. The spring term of 1850 was started by him, but on account of illness he gave up his position. Two years passed without any school. Then, by the terms of the deed of gift the academy land reverted to former owners who, in 1852, sold it to Isaac Adams. Very soon after the transaction the building was moved and used for the parsonage of the church at Lower Corner. The building, remodeled greatly, still stands beside Mr. Sullivan's store.

Even though the academy failed, there was an interval of only a few years before the Beede Normal School was started by Daniel G. Beede, a man who was anxious to see the younger people of Sandwich receive an education higher than that obtained in the first eight grades.

Mr. Beede lived in the house which is the present home of Miss Lilla Frost, and kept school on the second floor of the building now occupied by the tin shop of Mr. Charles Smith. The school building was then located in front of Miss Frost's barn. As Mr. Beede was an excellent teacher in mathematics and English, students were educated especially well along these lines, and the enrollment was as high as one hundred pupils, some of them coming from as far distant as Boston. The students became very much interested in debating in connection with their English work. Many of the men and women present here tonight are graduates of the Beede School and can vouch for the excellent training offered.

A number of the students would have been unable to attend school had it not been for the financial aid of Mr. Beede who paid their tuition out of his own pocket and took them into his own home to live, permitting them to do what work they could in return.

Mr. Beede gave his entire life to the school, teaching until he was unable to move from his chair. Then Mrs. Beede and their daughter continued the work for fifteen years. One of the best evidences that Mr. Beede was a man of good educational standing is the fact that he was appointed State Supervisor of Public Instruction in 1873.

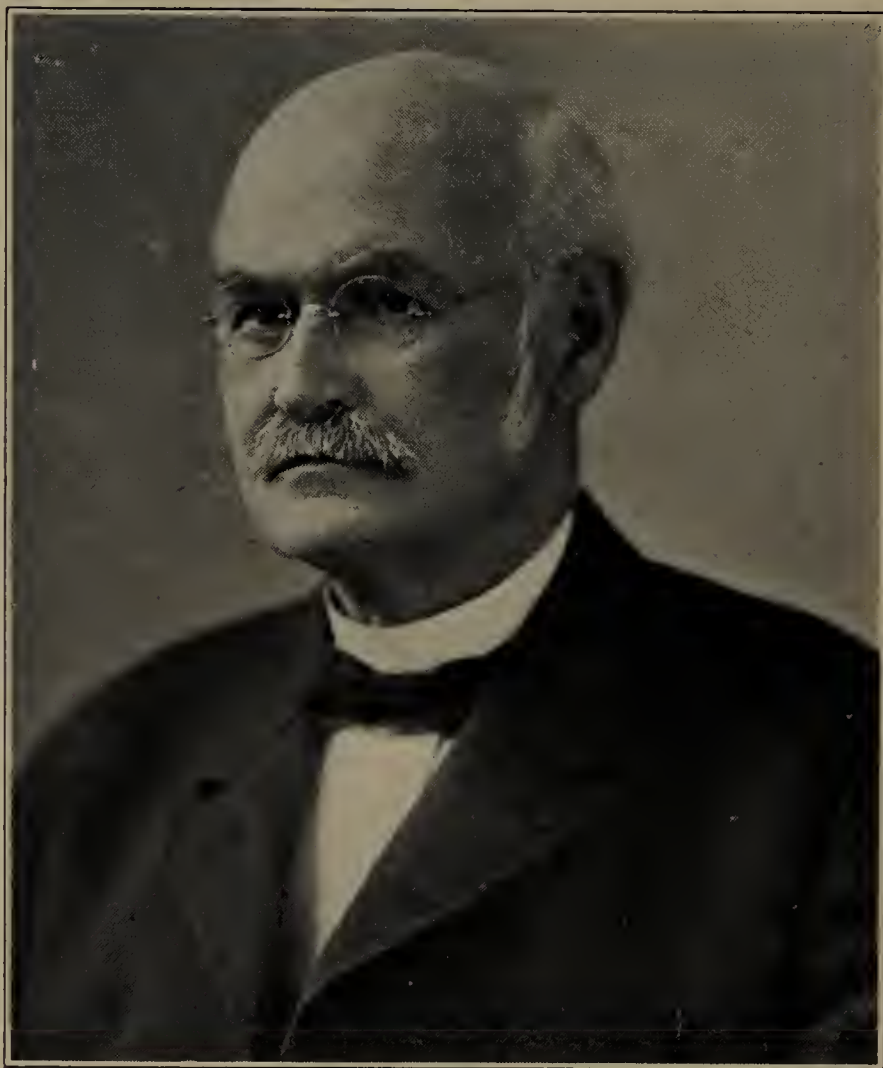
For a number of years after the closing of the Beede School students were obliged to go out of town in order to secure an education higher than that obtained in the elementary schools. In the year 1922 it was suggested by the Trustees of the Alfred Quimby Fund that some of the money from the fund be used to start a high school. Upon the first suggestion the townspeople were not in favor of this idea, as they thought that a suitable high school could not be started. Finally the trustees decided to try this plan, and in September, 1923, another high school of Sandwich,—“The Quimby School,” began, with an enrollment of twenty students.

It was not considered wise to build a high school building for a few years until the trustees could see whether the school was going to prosper or not, so the sessions were and still are held in the Town Hall and in the Quimby Buildings which the trustees bought. There were two courses offered,—Home Economics for the girls and Agriculture for the boys.

Since the school began, many improvements have been made. Some of the rooms in the Quimby Cottage have been remodeled, but the room which we enjoy the most is the Agricultural Room which, together with the workshop, was remodeled from the barn during the summer of 1927. It is in this room where we have our social gatherings and enjoy our noon lunches.

One of Quimby School's greatest achievements is the editing of the “Quimby Seekon,” which during its two years' existence has won two prizes at the Interscholastic Press Association Convention held in New York City.

The life at Quimby School is not all work. This year extra-curricular activities have been introduced into the school. A number of the students have been interested in the mandolin or music club which has been started. The Kitchen Mechanics course offered the girls has been worthwhile and interesting. The girls were taught the correct way to pound nails, solder, make bread boards, and sewing screens. Other clubs of the school are: the Junto, the Fourteen Seekers, and the Bee Club. We all feel that Quimby School is progress-



Alfred Quimby

ing, and we hope it will keep up its good work. Although many students have left school since it opened, there is an enrollment of twenty-eight students this year, and the third graduating class numbers six.

For the financing of this school we are indebted to Mr. Alfred Quimby, who left the money which supports it. Before we can really appreciate Mr. Quimby we should know a little about his life.

Alfred Quimby was born in Sandwich on December 10, 1833. His birthplace was what is now called the Charles O. Blanchard Place on Maple Ridge. Maple Ridge was given to Mr. Quimby's grandfather, Aaron Quimby, in return for his services in the Revo-

lutionary War. The property came down from generation to generation to John M. Quimby, Alfred's father.

Mr. Quimby, the youngest of twelve children, was brought up and educated in the public schools of the town. At the age of seventeen he left home, going to Stoneham, Mass., to work with his brother, George, in a shoe shop. This work did not satisfy him; consequently his stay there was short. His next work took him to Lawrence, Mass., where he became clerk in the bookstore of George P. Cutler. Mr. Quimby was so courteous to people and faithful in his position that he soon won the friendship of his employers and prospered in his work.

It was in the year of 1860 that Mr. Quimby heard of the fast-growing city of Manchester, so, during that year he moved there where he set up a business of his own in a small store on the site of the present Amoskeag Bank Block. Mr. Quimby was very shrewd and had his eyes open for business all the time. At this time the Civil War started and there was much excitement abroad. People wanted newspapers to read. "Here is a chance to make good," thought Mr. Quimby. By special arrangements with the publishers of the Boston Journal, Herald, and Star, he purchased bundles and bundles of the papers each day. Mr. Quimby started for Boston at two o'clock in the morning, folding his papers on the way home while on the train. The people's demand for the papers was so great one day that he was forced to climb a tree that grew at the corner of Hanover and Elm Streets and sell them from its crotch.

Alfred Quimby was greatly assisted in his business by his wife, Carrie Augustine Davis, whom he married on September 10, 1868. Not only did Mr. Quimby deal in newspapers, but he also sold popular articles in the stationery line, which included dime novels and school supplies. His store was the headquarters for theatre tickets also. Mr. Quimby's ambitious and hustling spirit laid the foundation of his fortune which was later increased by wise investment.

He was one of the first men of Manchester to take up the idea of making his own money called "shin plasters." This money was in the shape of paper scrip. It is said that he never paid back any small change when he could avoid it; instead he used this scrip. The "Quimby shinplasters" had quite a large circulation, and some of them are even now in existence.

During the latter part of his life Mr. Quimby gave up his store and turned his attention to real estate. At this time he owned considerable stock in the Amoskeag Corporation and was the director of the New Hampshire Insurance Co.

Mr. Quimby's death on Feb. 15, 1918, was a great shock to the people of Manchester, as he had been such a good business man and was so well liked. He was a man who possessed many admirable

characteristics. He liked to travel in his own country, and frequently took trips to California and Florida. His interest in national affairs at Washington was great. He had been known to sit in Congress for hours watching the important men of this country and listening to their debates. His shrewdness in business affairs and investments contributed greatly to his wealth. It is said that a penny was never wasted. Probably his outstanding method of accumulating wealth was his saving a definite sum each week, beginning with as small a sum as fifty cents when he first was earning money.

Mr. Quimby's wealth at the time of his death amounted to about one quarter of a million, of which the greater part or \$200,000 plus the \$10,000 which he left to the Free Will Baptist Church was given to Sandwich.

At the time of the bequest ironical views of the town's fortune were expressed by several. Among them was one clipped from the Boston Traveler on Feb. 28, 1918.

"WINDFALL SETS WHOLE TOWN SPECULATING AS TO BEST USE"

"SANDWICH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, ALL A-FLUTTER OVER \$170,000 QUIMBY BEQUEST. WANTS TO MAKE ITSELF AS ATTRACTIVE IN WINTER AS IN SUMMER."

"Up to a week ago, this was an A-1 champion all-around hard luck town in New England. Over night it has become the proud rival of New York, London, Paris or at least Boston.

"No more hand tubs, ice water pumps, kerosene lamps or stage for Sandwich. 'The best's none too good for us now' say the select-m'n gathered in the postoffice to discuss the auspicious catastrophe that's befallen the town. \$170,000. That's the whole story. Alfred Quimby, who died in Manchester, Feb. 14, has willed most of his fortune to his birthplace."

This comment is far from true. The Quimby fund, which is administered wisely by its three trustees, has been put to lasting and beneficial uses such as building roads, installing the town's electric light system, aiding the library and organizing the school which seems to us most important.

Thus, we can see that the sacrifice and forethought of a few very public-spirited men is responsible for the systems of higher education in Sandwich. As we look over Sandwich's field of secondary education we see the Sandwich Academy, the Beede Normal School to which Mr. Beede gave his life, and Quimby School made possible through the love of Alfred Quimby for his home town.

Memoirs

DORIS E. WATSON, '28

*Oh Sandwich; with your mountains and scenery so fair,
What gave you to the world, of men, who in your care
Received their first instructions and started on their way?
The small town proudly answered.
"Oh much", it seemed to say.*

*Did you send forth men, courageous, to labor in the world,
Who worked and toiled and hurled their triumph to the skies?
And from all the hills and vales comes back the far-flung answer.
"We did", they seem to cry.*

*In some distant cities, far from Sandwich Dome
Are lawyers at their desks, who sit
And dream of this fair home;
Of childhood days within it
And pleasures now outgrown.*

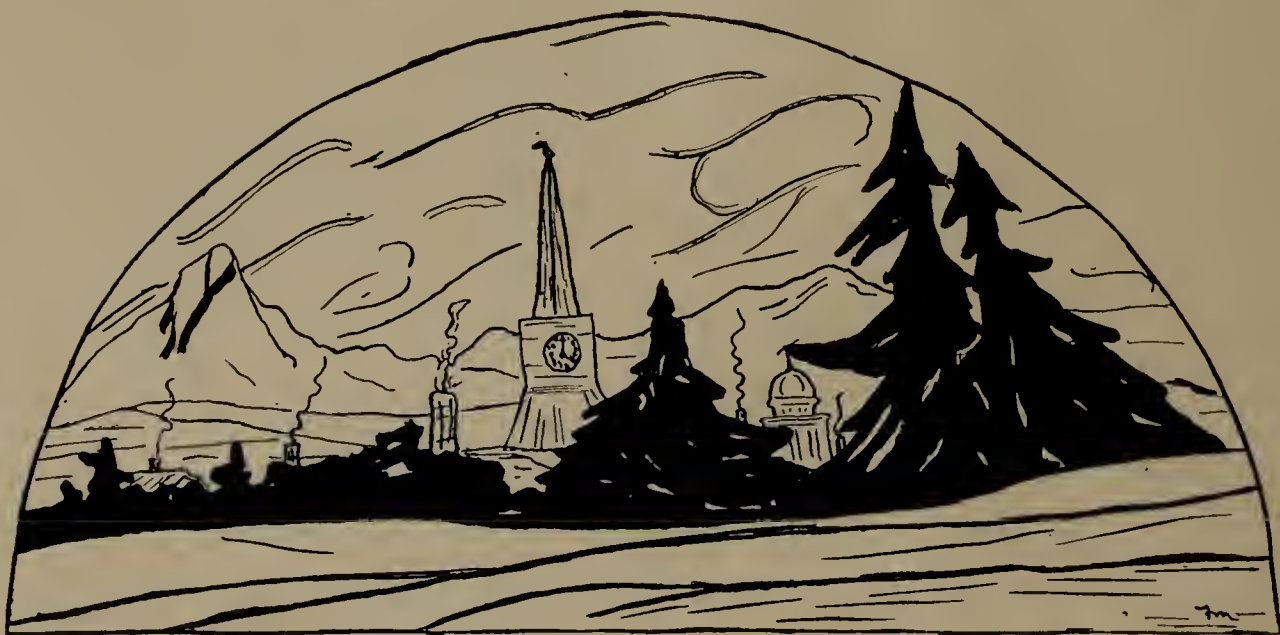
*And teachers in the classroom, from the window look and see
Not the scenes which lie before them,
But their old academy.
But this has long departed;
Another takes its place.
Will we earn the right to fill it and carry on the race
And make it live eternally?
We'll do our best in any case;*

*And, Sandwich, in the days of old among your craggy mountains
What industries abounded
And sent their smoke up through the trees
Like spray from giant fountains?
What sounds of busy life
From the great peaks resounded?*

*Hark! We hear the echo in answer to our question.
From high up in the hills the tales come floating down
Of industries and life
Which in the days of yore this lonely land did gown.
The brook its answer babbles;
The aged pine sighs and frowns;
This life is gone forever that once these peaks did crown.*

*The trees, the brooks, and hills all repeat the story
Of the days when industries abounded
And mills and farms surrounded
Old Sandwich in its glory.
"The cattle grazing on the hill,
The farming, and the logging mill
Belonged to me and honored me",
Says Sandwich Notch so tearfully.*

*But now these mills are shut
And all their doors are barred;
No more such life we see.
Let's wake them up, e'en though 'tis hard.
It's up to you and me!*



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